Elegie

Eugene Ormandy: Philadelphia Orchestra

I just don't know what to do tonight
My head is aching as I drink and breathe
Memory falls like cream in my bones, moving on my own
There must be something I can dream tonight
The air is filled with the moves of you
All the fire is frozen yet still I have the will
Trumpets, violins, I hear them in the distance
And my skin emits a ray, but I think it's sad, it's much too bad
That our friends can't be with us today

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